MORANDSARCA ARTONIST, SAND F



GEE! THIS WEATHER MAKES A FELLOW FEEL FINE. th News-Tribune.



BENEFICIAL RESULT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION. The Unemployed Walker-I ought ter 'ave been called "Reflection," 'cos there seems more food for that than anything else.



THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA. . . . And who shall say that the ship he loved does not, too,



"Place where they keeps soldiers." "Then wot's a fortress?" "Where they keeps soldiers' wives, o' course!" -Ciliustrated Bits.



THE TWO SICK MEN OF EUROPE.



Old Lady-How long have you been out of work, my poor man? The Poor Man-Well, lady, I ain't quite certain whether I was born in '56 or '57. -(The Tatler.

Remarkable Story of a Crime.

Murder of His Wife by Edwin W. Major Recalled-Part Played by a Woman in the Tagedy,

Writing in "The North American Journal of Homospathy," Der George Whyslock Grover gives the following account of a remgitable crime of a quarter of a century ago:

If there he such a thing as demoniac po sion, and if under certain conditions the mind and soul of a man may be given over as a stamping ground for the cohorts of his satanic majesty, an example may be found in the crime of Edwin W.

This man lived at Wilton, N. H.; he was sexton of the Baptist church in that town, and was a man without culture, education or attractive qualities of any description. His crime was the outcome of his infatuation for a noble, talented woman; his infaituation for her was not strange, but her return of his passion was most remarkable. This man Major lived his routine life, did his routine work, in the little New-Hampshire town. and might have existed and died like the cattle in the fields, and with about the same grade of intelligence, had not a passion for a woman as far above him as the stars wakened the slumbering

drive the man headlong to crime and death. killed his wife by giving her strychnia they gave mute but eloquent testimony of the torture which tore apart body and soul. The the night after her death was seen by a neighbor oming downstairs holding a lighted candle above

enters the room where the cold, stiffened body lay. Inscrutable, shook his graven soul, and his lie bearing in every cramped muscle of her rigid died in his throat. evidence of the price she had paid for the mind his puny efforts; he could not straighten them, and though it was said that he pulled at the arms ill the perspiration poured from his face the homes and though it was said that he pulled at the homes arms ill the perspiration poured from his face.

The experiment having failed, he is at the end of the ard could be induced to come to the aid of the ard could be induced to come to the aid of the ard could be induced to come to the aid of the commonwealth; and no one seemed to question that the hastens to consult a higher intelligence if she considered it her duty she would return

than his thick skull contains; in so doing he puts the first strand of rope about his neck. Bec the woman in whose behalf he has done all this has been weak, he had neither doubt nor question that she would share in the knowledge of his villany and aid him to escape.

Here he made a woful error; she suspects him from the first, and charges him with his crime to his face. What followed is, so far as I am aware, unique in the records of criminal literature. To appreciate it correctly, it must be remembered that this was a good weman who had sinned by reason of excess of affection; her right to the title that I have given her she proved later at such cost to herself as we may try to imagine, but shall prob-

ably not succeed in portraying. Generations of ancestry in whom the "New-England conscience" had been developed were dominant in her at the very moment when the consequences of her wrongdoing stared her in the face. What shall she do? Put her keen intuitions behind his dull wits, and endeavor to save them both? Conviction, publicity even, for him means disgrace for her; it signifies the special variety of disgrace that, above all others, woman always has and always will endeavor to escape if she can,

History is full of instances wherein women of delicate nurture have risked their lives-and other lives as well-as though they were matters of slight value compared with the very thing which this femon within, who required only the stimulus of weman calmiy prepared to throw away as the this balleful glare to warm him into activity and price of the truth, provided the truth was made evident through her instrumentality, or even if the man should be placed upon trial without her inter-In her foud; in her death agony the hands and arms vention. All this must be considered if we are to estimate the ethical value of her action. "I believe you are guilty. Now get down on your knees, while I go to God in prayer and ask Him to direct us scoundrel of a husband noted this distortion, and aright. Edwin Major, look me in the face and tell me the truth. Are you guilty or not?" He tries to lic, but it is of no use; that awesome fear of the his head, that he might not fall downstairs and Infinite, at which men sneer sometimes when it is sunshine, but which gets its cold grip on the heart conscious of the watching eyes without, he when men stand in a crisis face to face with the

He told her the truth; a little later he was arthe table, close by the motionless form, then, fiercely fought on both sides, resulted in a divided taking the hands and arms in his huge paws. Jury. Mr. Euros realized that the missing witness labors for two hours trying to straighten them out; must be found, or other trials would end in he was a strong, burly man, but this time he was the same way. Where was she? Nobody knew or dealing with an adversary stronger than himself; seemed to know; no one had seen her go, she had the "rigor mortis" had done its work too well to not been observed to leave town, the agent at the mine to

It was imperative that she be found; but that Micht hour getting his first glimpse of the gallows
Which swaited him, seizes his candie and ends the
Design mockery; all this he could do with cold delibratics libration; the locked hands could not harm him; by this time months had passed they would not if they could; but wait a little, just a little, till his own rascally body is in danger; of New-Hampshire it had come to be believed that the specific suppose unless times. a further trial would be useless unless Miss How-

There may be in the history of criminal literature omething grander than this poor girl, whose transgression had already borne such bitter fruit, held so high in the estimation of the people of an entire State as led them to be confident that she would come back if she believed her duty pointed that way, though she must step over the ruined fragments of her reputation in order to do so.

This was a terrible situation. Human law-lenient ven in its severity-realizing that to subject human nature to a heavier strain than it ought to be called upon to bear is but to put a premium on perjury, enacted long ago, that in cases similar to this a wife need not be compelled to bear witness against her husband; yet here is a situation containing all the elements of which that law was the outcome. worse indeed in some respects, for the girl had to strip herself of every shred of her fair fame and hurl the fragments in the mire. All this must be

completed if she is to be available as a witness. This crowning shame must be accomplished with the knowledge that the newspapers will scatter her words over land and ocean, that millions of men and women will peruse them as far as the wires can carry the report. All this she might escape with perfect safety to herself as regards criminal How many whispers would it have been esential to have carried to the astute veteran who had charge of the defence, to have induced him to see that she take a long vacation and that the further off it should be spent the better? How much would it have required in the shape of messages that what she had to reveal, would point to other conclusion than guilt to have led Mr. Burns to conclude that another trial were useless, a waste of the funds of the commonwealth and that the punishment of the murderer must be left to the

tribunal from whose verdict there is no appeal? The history of the manner of finding her and securing her return is an impressive object lesson of the fact that brains and thought are at a premium and are the best detectives. Where had Miss Howard gone? How should she be discovered? That was the problem. The pastor of the church of which she was a member did not know; her most intimate friends could reveal nothing; her relatives knew nothing-were not in their sister's confi-

There lived in the quiet New-Hampshire town

wherein these events occurred an aged miinster, one of the older type of Unitarians, like Dr. Dewey,

would find the best solution; which they did. Count-

would find the best solution; which they did. Counting the cost, knowing full well what consequences were involved, this noble woman consented to appear.

Those who were in the courtroom during the progress of this second trial will never forget their impressions. At the very beginning of it, upon a request being made for an extra stenographer, the presiding fustice, hesitating lest the time involved in reporting every word verbatim might be more than should be expended, the white haired veteran who was pleading for human life spring to his feet, and exclaiming in words whose echoes may be heard even yet, "Time, your honor, it is a question of time or eternity with my client."

When this woman, in whose behalf—though without whose knowledge—this crime was committed, assumed the witness chair, and for the first time in many months stood face to face with the cringing rascal in the dock, had there been present a Rembrandt or Doré, to have placed that scene on canyas, a picture would have been "booked for immortality."

Major was convicted of murder in the first de-

Remirant or Dore, to have pinced that scone on mortality."

Major was convoleted of murder in the first degree and executed in the courtyard of the State Major was convoleted in the courtyard of the State lows he was in such a collapse of terror that theriff Eaton was compelled to carry him on his shoulders calling on and see his, innocent wite die in the awful convulsions of peisoning by strychina-the drug of all others that the aws and enable the same and the body pan may be missed, as it violently tears apart the soul from its earthly dwelling place-when his turn cames to bear a very minute fraction of the surface of the surf

wherein these events occurred an aged minister, one of the older type of Unitarians, like p. L. Dewey, or Edward Everett Hale, Father L. he was called. Pather Lindon has lived in the village for two generations. I'Mn a place where there is not much change except what is made by death, such iong-ferences the best of the problem until the problem of t

court with herself, to convince herself that her first duty was to the child, her unborn child, then destroy her identity, and employ her keen wits and intuitions to obliterate all traces of herself and be seen and heard no more.

Had she taken this course she would have divided public opinion, and that was virtually all that was essential; she was fighting for her life and every remnant of possibility which it could have been made to contain, and a good fighter appears to receive sometimes the sympathy of heaven as well as the approval of men. It was the pluck of poor badgered Job, as much as his patience which rendered his biography one of the attractive spots of the Old Testament; the world shuts its eyes at many things, when a man, or still better a woman, is silently but earmeatly grappling with powerful forces; one of the best changes of viewpoint which the culture of the modern world has been grinding into us in the flexible judgment that enables us to put ourselves into the place of the other man who has got the worst of the fight, while we, with keener wit and shrewder estimate, have cut our way through.

This woman had received about the hardest lines which could well have been thrust upon her, yet she remained in the bidding of the one only monitor consulted, and that within herself, when sie was perfectly well sware that no very severe condemnation would have been visited upon her had she gone.

We have got to recognize this tendency of even

court with herself, to convince herself that her first duty was to the child, her unborn child, then destroy her identity, and employ her keen wits and intuitions to obliterate all traces of herself and be seen and heard no more.

Had she taken this course she would have divided public opinion, and that was virtually all that was essential; she was fixhting for her life and every reunant of restricting the work of the course has never stammered—aloud—(Lendon Chronicle.)

TIME FOR BALLOON ASCENSION.

Close of Day Is Best, as Wind Is Most Favor able.

"Did you ever know why it is that a balloon ascension at a country fair, promised for 2 o'clock in the afternoon, never occurs until about 67" Harry